

Far Less Understanding

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Summary: "He promised to be far less understanding in the future." A story about how Eret got that scar. One-shot. Rated T for like, reallyyyy mild torture.

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****A/N:** I saw HTTYD2 again today, and was dying to write something about Eret. I got inspiration for this :) Also, I know that my information about branding irons is inaccurate, but I had to kind of speed things up because Eret wasn't just going to lay there waiting for the metal to get hot, and I didn't feel like having Drago physically restrain him.******

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><p>This weather was not the kind Eret would have preferred.<p>

Why had he been so stupid, so arrogant, rejecting Drago's suggestion to gather a team of dragon-trappers instead of working alone? If he had done that, then maybe he would have had something to show for the past week, instead of an empty boat and a nervous grin. He sheathed and unsheathed his knife rather rapidly, feeling sweat beginning to trickle down from his forehead. He knew it was not from the unseasonable heat of the day.

"I'll make it up to you," he whispered, pacing nervously back and forth on the deck of his ship. "I'll make it up to you, Drago. I'll, erâ€¦I'll get twice as many dragons next week! I'll never miss my quota again! I'll find a way, I'llâ€¦I'llâ€¦" The boat bumped gently against shore, reminding him that he had arrived. He was out of time.

No, this weather was not the kind he would have preferred. Why did

the sky have to be so cloudless and blue, the sun so bright and shining and golden? Why couldn't a terrible storm have sprung up, the wind buffeting him away from Drago's hideout? He reluctantly sheathed his knife, trying to stride confidently in between the boats. It wasn't easy, considering he was a nervous wreck inside. He was always a little anxious on his weekly visits to Drago, but never this bad. He felt like he was shaking all over, but he knew it was only in his head.

When he reached the older man, dressed in that thin, scaly dark cloak that Eret had come to recognize him by, the young man swallowed nervously, taking a quick step backward. "Drago!" he began in a low voice, running his hands nervously through his hair. "Drago, I!"

"Where are my dragons?" The man raised a thick brown eyebrow, cutting easily through Eret's gabbling.

"I!" Eret sighed in defeat, staring at his boots. "I had a bit of trouble fulfilling my quota this time around! Things were just so out-of-control this week, and our fort got blown to bits by some foreign attackers! But it's okay, I'll give you twice as many next week, so many you won't even know where to put them! I'll never, ever fail again!" His voice trembled and faltered when he realized Drago still wasn't speaking; the man was inspecting his dirty fingernails in a kind of bored way.

The man raised his eyebrows again. "Is that your explanation?"

"I won't fail you next time!"

Drago's large hand shot out, grabbing Eret's small throat, squeezing it. Eret's face went white as he clawed at the restraining hand, trying to gasp in air to feed greedy lungs. "Drago!" he gasped in terror, eyes going wide when he realized that the man was not going to let him go. "Please!"

He couldn't breathe. He couldn't breathe, and all he wanted was a little bit of air, just the tiniest bit, all he needed was a little breath back!

And then, unexpectedly, Drago released him, grabbing a weapon from beside the fire. Eret fell to the ground at the man's feet, gasping gratefully for breath, trying desperately to fill his deprived lungs, one hand on his own throat, convincing himself that there was not another there still. He coughed and gasped, and he didn't seem to notice what the older man was doing until he glanced up to see Drago Bludvist standing over him, a long metal rod in his hand and an angry glint in his eye.

Eret didn't understand what was going on for a few moments, and continued to lay there, gasping, but when Drago reached over and slowly undid the clasp on his shirt, he understood.

"No!" He frantically tried to peel away, squirming and struggling uselessly. He had been born rather small and runty, and so wasn't as strong as the other man. "Please!"

"If you ever fail me again," Drago sneered, "you will beg for a branding." And then he pressed the rod into the boy's skin.

Eret screamed, kept screaming even when Drago dropped him, clawing at his shirt, practically sobbing from the pain. The white-hot metal was no longer touching him, but it felt like Drago was still holding it there, still pressing it into his skin. He grabbed at his shirt, scratching uselessly at the burn, knowing it wouldn't help.

Drago stood over him pitilessly, kicking him back on his feet. "I promise to be far less understanding in the future. Get out of my sight."

End
file.